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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Ways to Peace

IN ADDITION to a common conviction on the futility of recourse to thermonuclear weapons, the United States and the Soviet Union have impelling reasons for seeking to continue and expand their present *détente*. Both countries have to contend with serious budgetary pressures. America is concerned over its continuing losses in foreign exchange, for which substantial military expenditures abroad are in large measure responsible. Russia wants to deal with Chinese intransigence from the vantage point of friendlier relations with the West and to be able to invest more heavily in badly needed irrigation, fertilizer production and modern farm machinery. In many ways, both nations could greatly benefit.

Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Khrushchev are currently calling for further progress in the relaxing of East-West tensions, a course eloquently defended by Paul-Henri Spaak in a speech warmly applauded by the delegates of many nations at the U.N. The world stands in need of the greater cooperation and mutual trust which Pope John's *Pacem in Terris* designates as essential if there is to be achieved the peace intensely desired by the earth's peoples and official representatives.

How can further progress in this direction be set in motion to build on the atomic powers' limited test ban? One terrain is that of marginal issues, which have no serious bearing on national security or fears for the same. The contemplated establishment of a regular air link between New York and Moscow serves as one example. Then the contemplated opening of a Russian consulate in Chicago and an American consulate in Leningrad would constitute a resumption of such normal activities suspended, outside our respective capitals, since 1948.

Moreover, there are certain steps which clearly work to the mutual good of both nations. America's sale of a quarter billion dollars worth of wheat helps to meet a basic Russian deficiency due to this year's poor crop; at the same time it materially reduces our own burdensome surpluses and provides us with some much needed foreign exchange.

American and Russia find themselves both opposed to the spread of thermonuclear weapons to other nations—which would greatly magnify the problem of effective control and impede disarmament. It is possible to cite other issues. Both nations tend to support India in its border dispute with Communist China—and to supply that hard-pressed nation with matériel for self-defense. Laos comprises a more questionable case. We and the Soviets theoretically support its neutralization, but the USSR has been unwilling—or unable—to hold back Communist depredations there.

IN FOREIGN lands, generally, the United States and Soviet Russia tend to find themselves as rivals. The USSR aims at a world of Communist nations, and if this country is gradually becoming realistic enough not to expect the world's many underdeveloped peoples to organize along the lines of our own capitalistic pattern, America naturally opposes their Communization.

Latin America, for instance, qualifies as a major ideological and political battleground. Unless the younger, Chinese-inspired Communist elements threaten violent revolution in certain lands south of the border, it is difficult to conceive of situations where Russian and United States objectives would harmonize there even temporarily. The same might be said for the emerging nations of Africa and underdeveloped countries in other sectors of the globe.

When one turns to Berlin and Germany, the extent and intensity of East-West opposition becomes all too apparent. Whatever the real explanation of the recent roadblock by Russian troops on the Berlin autobahn, it pointed out in no uncertain terms the crucial and sensitive nature of the German issue. Despite the firmness of the American reaction, this

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harassment of American troop convoys also showed how easily the USSR can embarrass the West whenever it deems that such interference would advance the Soviet objectives of the moment.

Another major source of contention is NATO's proposed creation of a multilateral force of surface ships armed with thermonuclear weapons. The fact that this is still in a very hazy discussion stage does not lessen the Russian protests. The two nations also remain far apart on the question of reciprocal inspection, or even arms inspection by representatives of neutral nations. We resent what we consider Russian obstinacy and unwarranted fears in the matter. At the same time the Soviets are expressing indignation over the continuation of American underground tests, which are permitted by the test-ban treaty but hardly serve to foster mutual understanding.

A slowing down of the thermonuclear arms race has been brought about by a realization by both nations that each has more than enough of a stockpile to devastate the other. One of the most perilous aspects of this stalemate of terror is that each people is so isolated from the other, each therefore in its fear, hostility and mistrust most susceptible to believing the worst of the other—especially in an hour of crisis.

If Soviet Russia is primarily responsible for the Iron Curtain, what have we been doing to try to penetrate it? The *détente* offers an opportunity for a new start. The channel which the Soviet wheat purchase opens up may present only a limited opportunity unless trade can be developed multilaterally, or directly with the productive European satellites. Cooperation between American and Russian scientists, especially on health and nutrition, could build some invaluable personal contacts. And the multiplication of cultural exchanges of all sorts would greatly contribute to mutual respect and understanding.

But preparation of the American economy for peace and disarmament is one of the most effective means of demonstrating to the world the sincerity of our desire for more peaceful East-West relations. Why has the President's Commission entrusted with this task disappeared from the headlines? A decline in defense industries would greatly hike unemployment in several states. Yet when will this nation be in a position to announce a comprehensive civilian program to take up the slack? There is happily at hand a vast need of such facilities as schools, hospitals, highways and low-cost housing.

James O'Gara is at present in Rome. His weekly column, "All Things Considered," will be resumed shortly.

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The Making of a Prime Minister

TO AN AMERICAN visitor in the autumn of 1963, British politics has many familiar aspects. Dr. Gallup and other pollsters chart the weekly fluctuations in public opinion. The politicians streamline their long-winded and inconsecutive party conventions in order to project a better image to the television audience. A writer is already busily at work preparing a book in the Theodore White mode to be entitled, naturally, *The Making of a Prime Minister.*

Another analogy also suggests itself. The mood of the Labor Party dangerously resembles that of the over-confident Republicans in the Dewey-Truman campaign of 1948. The consensus, of course, is that even if the illness of Harold Macmillan had not forced a change in the leadership of the Tory government, the Tories would be doomed to defeat in the next election. But in private a surprising number of politicians and journalists express doubt that the Labor Party's victory is quite as certain as it appears on the surface.

The dominant political mood of Britain is negative, not positive. The voters are weary of the Conservatives rather than enthusiastic for the Laborites. The public opinion polls which, on the surface, are so encouraging for Labor reveal this negative impulse when analyzed. Ten per cent of the voters, a rather high number, express no opinion or reply "do not know" when asked how they will vote in the next election. Of those who do have an opinion, the division has remained much the same for many months. One-half are for Labor, one-third for the Conservatives, and the remaining one-sixth are for the Liberals. When the Liberals and the undecideds are lumped together, this means that about a quarter of the electorate is not favorably disposed toward either of the two major parties. Labor's share of the vote has not risen from the level at which it has been stagnating since the party lost office in 1951. The volatile element in the political situation, the Liberals, have reached their highest peak in membership and enthusiasm in thirty-five years because the younger, more modern-minded Tories have turned to them in their discontent with the Macmillan regime. At the same time, young scientists and junior executives of working-class origins have migrated to the Liberals in revolt against the Labor Party, the stodgy faith of their fathers.

On paper, the public opinion polls mean that the present 100-seat majority for the Tories would be transformed into a 200-seat majority for Labor. However, since the Liberals cannot hope to win enough seats to form a government, many of their supporters may switch back to the Tories at the final moment and, if joined by most of the undecideds, could bring about only a narrow Labor triumph or even another Conservative victory. In short, the odds favor Labor but the odds ought not to be quite so overwhelming.

The Americanization of British politics is nowhere more apparent than in the extent to which politics has shifted from a contest of parties to a duel of personalities. Party loyalties based on class and cultural lines are still a gritty, tough reality in British politics. Affluence has not washed away old antagonisms and old ideals, but affluence and a somewhat more democratic educational system have enlarged the middle class and increased the number of "floating voters." For many of these voters, the appeal of personalities is decisive as it has increasingly proved to be in the United States. The Tories discovered to their delight in the 1959 general election that they had an impressive attraction in the new star system in the person of Prime Minister Macmillan. Although his silver gray mustache, drooping eyelids, languid manner, and Old Public School Boy way of speaking made him look, at first glance, like someone resurrected without change from the Edwardian era, Macmillan proved a great hit. He capitalized on what should have been handicaps to create an impression of "unflappable" authority combined with old-fashioned charm.

Beneath the Edwardian exterior, of course, Macmillan is anything but a drawing-room dilettante. A brave veteran of combat on the Western Front in World War I, a bold rebel against the appeasement and domestic do-nothing policies of the Baldwin and Chamberlain governments of the 1930's, a survivor of forty years of political life, he is a tough, shrewd, flexible politician with an admirably acute sense for the nuances of public opinion, both in his party and the country at large.

Before illness forced his retirement, Macmillan had used up a lot of political credit with the majority of his own followers in the years since he rescued the Tories from the post-Suez debacle and led them to their handsome, although not overwhelming, victory in 1959. He had hurried along the liquidation of the remnants of the British Empire. He had considerably compromised the independence of Britain's nuclear deterrent by accepting the cancellation of the Skybolt missile and basing the deterrent on the Polaris which is ultimately under American control. While protesting all the while his esteem for Sir Roy Welensky and the white settlers, he had accomplished the downfall of the Central African Federation to which the Negro Africans objected. He led Britain to the door of Europe only to have General De Gaulle close it in his face.

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A sizeable segment of the Tory party, probably a majority, is for an independent deterrent, for Sir Roy and the white settlers, against liquidating the rest of the empire, and against entering a federated Europe. Only "good old Mac," blandly murmuring reassurances all the while, could have coaxed his party down so many unappealing paths. If Macmillan had yielded the leadership voluntarily, and he had no wish to quit before illness forced his hand, he would not have departed because of the Christine Keeler case. Most Conservative voters in the country had readily accepted the Prime Minister's portrayal of himself as a man more sinned against than sinning in that squalid affair. If Macmillan had departed of his own accord, it would only have been because he had convinced himself that the accumulated resentments and disappointments of seven years in office made it impossible to re-charge the loyalty of his political troops and rally them successfully for another battle. Illness rendered his decision academic.

The fight for the succession which immediately ensued had been prefigured in the press and in private conversations for many months. With characteristic astuteness, Macmillan had always encouraged open talk about possible successors to himself in the conviction that such discussion could only demonstrate the serious inadequacy of each of his possible rivals.

If the Tory leadership were decided as it is in the Labor Party—by a vote of the Members of Parliament—the choice would be Reginald Maulding, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. At 46, he represents the party's younger generation. His coming to power would mean a clean sweep of the old faces with a consequent chance for many young MP's to get a crack at big jobs. But local Tory politicians consider Maudling, a rather shy, shambling intellectual, as an impossible choice. He may be all right for drawing up a budget but they fear he has no ear for opinion in the constituencies.

If the party rank-and-file could choose, they would elect Viscount Hailsham who reminds many voters of Winston Churchill. Hailsham cultivates this impression by employing neo-Churchillian rhetoric. With his paunch, his upthrust jaw, and his glasses pushed halfway down his nose, he looks the part. But Hailsham, despite his intellectual brilliance and personal flair, is not thought of by his senior colleagues in the government as solid and dependable in a crisis. They regard him as a bit of a wild man. As Minister of Science for the past five years, he has not accomplished enough to overcome these doubts. Moreover, twenty-five years ago next month, Macmillan, then a dissident backbencher, journeyed to Oxford to speak against the candidacy of the official Tory candidate who was making his debut in politics as a candidate upholding the Munich Pact. That young candidate, who was successful, was Quentin Hogg, now Lord Hailsham. Macmillan is not a grudge-bearer, but still no one thinks that among several closely-matched contenders Macmillan would advise the Queen to single out Hailsham as his successor. And the outgoing Prime Minister's word usually counts for a great deal in such circumstances.

If the choice of Macmillan's successor were left to the Cabinet, R. A. "Rab" Butler would win for the simple reason that since he is the oldest and most experienced, all the younger claimants could compromise on him when they could not agree on any one of their own number. Butler's election would foreclose the succession for the shortest period of time. But up until last week's crisis, Butler's prospects had seemed doubly blighted. Despite their years of close collaboration in the cabinet, Macmillan detests Butler. He regards him, with what justice I do not know, as an intriguer and a slippery man when his own ambitions are at stake. Where Macmillan would not go out of his way to promote Hailsham's chances, he would do all in his power to block Butler. Secondly, the hardshell Tories, who feel that Macmillan has exploited their loyalties once too often for dubious liberal ends, regard Butler as an outright heretic to the true blue faith. Their attitude toward Butler is about the same as that of a John Bircher toward Nelson Rockefeller. Butler incurred their enmity because as Home Secretary he abolished flogging of juvenile criminals and made numerous humane reforms in the prison system. After the Suez invasion of 1956, he let it be known that he had experienced grave misgivings about the venture. This disclosure upset those Tories who favored Suez as well as those who felt that Butler was being disloyal to Anthony Eden, then Prime Minister. More recently, Macmillan passed to Butler the politically onerous assignment of resolving the political and constitutional tangle of the Central African Federation. Butler has carried through this assignment with great skill but by its very nature, it could not win him any friends in the party's right-wing. Lastly, Butler has suffered in Tory circles, much as Adlai Stevenson has in American politics, from a vague reputation for not being quite tough or decisive enough. As with Stevenson, this reputation is unjustified. Butler did suffer a mild nervous breakdown several years ago, but he quickly recovered. He is a glutton for work, has a first-rate mind, and is generally considered to have been successful in two major cabinet jobs, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary. At 61 he has earned the right to be Prime Minister.

The Labor Party has achieved remarkable unity in the nine months since Hugh Gaitskell unexpectedly died. Even his bitterest enemies within his party, and he has a goodly share, concede that Harold Wilson deserves most of the credit. Of all the top figures in British politics, Wilson is the least well-known and the one who is subject to the most violently divergent estimates. The intellectuals who flocked around Gaitskell and who are socialists at all—their views are much the

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same as those of the more liberal New Frontiersmen—have long disliked Wilson because he was a supporter of the late Aneurin Bevan and hobnobbed with the unilateral disarmament and fellow-traveling members of the Labor Party. These critics have pictured Wilson much as Tory right-wingers have pictured Rab Butler, that is, as an inveterate intriguer, a kind of Richard Nixon of British politics.

However, several persons to whom this correspondent talked in London presented an entirely different view of Wilson. Rather than being like Nixon, a man always in search of his own vital center, Wilson has, so to speak, a perfectly functioning intellectual and political gyroscope. In his background and outlook, he epitomizes the lower middle class and politically-conscious working class as well as the Methodist-Baptist religious heritage out of which British socialism evolved. According to this sympathetic view, Wilson is much more authentically at home in the Labor Party than was Gaitskell, a rebel against the upper class in which he was born. As one trade union leader explained it: "If we were following Harold Wilson and we came to a river, he might be ingenious in thinking of ways to ford the river, but he would be determined to get us across. If we were following Hugh Gaitskell and came to that river, he might very well order us to march back the way we had come or lead us off on any old tangent that seemed likely. But Harold only knows one way to the future, and that's through socialism."

Whether Wilson is really so single-minded, only the testing time of power will reveal. But in the past nine months, he has not put his foot wrong once. He has conciliated the Gaitskellites and avoided any potentially embarrassing neutralist statements. He engaged in no moralizing over the Profumo-Keeler scandal, shrewdly calculating that the press would do that without his help. Instead, he took the line that this was too serious for partisan advantage and that all that mattered was protecting the nation's security.

At the Labor Party's recent annual convention, he ruthlessly invoked an obscure by-law to shut off discussion on certain embarrassing topics such as foreign policy and nuclear arms which previous party conferences had adequately discussed. He climaxed the conference with an eloquent speech portraying Labor as the future-minded party which through science and socialism would make Britain into a thriving, secular paradise. This was a program aimed straight at the new, middle-class "floating voters" for whom the Labor Party in recent years has had about as much appeal as a party run by A. F. of L. building trades vice-presidents would have for *New Republic* readers. To an American outsider, it sounded like a plan to turn Britain into a larger version of Sweden. If that is what the British want in 1964, this canny, colorless, pipe-smoking Yorkshireman seems the ideal man to lead them there.

(Mr. Shannon, The Commonweal's regular correspondent in Washington, has just returned from Britain.)

CAIP MEETING

On the Peace Circuit

FOR MANY if not most Catholics, the Catholic Association for International Peace is a shadowy organization that surfaces once a year to outrage the Brooklyn *Tablet* by quoting encyclicals other than *Divini Redemptoris*. My impression is that it is less appreciated in the "internationalist" east than in the "isolationist" midwest, where the tone of Catholicism is rightly regarded as more progressive, and where the diocesan papers—the finest in the country—often devote a lavish amount of space to CAIP meetings. Certainly one could be a regular reader of the eastern press, both daily and Catholic, without realizing that the Association has carried the banner of Catholic internationalism for thirty-seven years, during most of which time the *Tablet* was considered an outstanding, if not *the* outstanding Catholic newspaper and the very word "internationalism" was enough to send one scurrying for the attorney general's list.

During most of those years, and when it was badly needed, the CAIP brought together progressive-minded scholars and thinkers, issued reports and passed resolutions. If the group never became very large or very influential, there was little reason to carp. The times were against it, and, after all, it did serve to counterpoint the dominant reactionary chorus. At least once a year, if reporters could be inveigled to the annual convention, non-Catholics would open their daily papers and read with astonishment small articles about an unsuppressed group of Catholics who held out an alternative to rooting for Franco and opposing all other foreign entanglements.

This approach is very useful to a minority, and for most of its lifetime, the CAIP had no trouble remaining one. But alas, times change. As John Cogley has noted, conservative Catholics are now on the defensive in this country. The rapid reorientation that began well before *Mater et Magistra* has penetrated to the Communion Breakfast circuit and even *Our Sunday Visitor* now runs international-minded analyses without embarrassment. The question is whether, in this sort of atmosphere, the CAIP as presently constituted is in danger of seeming quaint rather than embattled and progressive.

The 1963 conference, held three weeks ago in Washington, displayed some of the symptoms: an air of drift,

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a philosophic attitude toward small audiences, small influence, poor programs. Apathy took a terrible drubbing, but there was scant intellectual content and no clash of ideas.

Latin America was the theme and Douglas Hyde opened the conference with an assault on apathy and a warning, which did not shock, that the Communists have their eye on the area. Joseph Beirne of the American Institute for Free Labor sounded the downbeat ("the Communists are winning in Latin America") and Father John Considine, of the NCWC Latin American Bureau took care of the upbeat (Catholic resurgence). Not much light was shed on the extent of this resurgence and the impression was perhaps left that progressives like Archbishop Carboni of Peru and Archbishop da Silva of Chile were typical. However, Msgr. Joseph B. Gremillion of Catholic Relief Services came up with an interesting statistic on the most advanced hierarchy, that of Chile: seventeen of the nation's twenty-three prelates are now regarded as progressives, or in favor of social reform.

The only clash on the floor during the conference involved the role of the Christian Trade Union movement in Latin America and particularly its top executive in the Caribbean, who has been informing his audiences that the Fatima letter, opened by Pope John in 1960, revealed an announcement by the Virgin Mary that Khrushchev is to be the savior of the world—a fact of which the Pope had been unaware. This came out after Beirne's speech, and with some restraint, the speaker suggested that the leadership of the Christian Trade Unions was not all it could be. Maybe so, said a representative of the Christian unions, but the Christian labor movement is a fact of life in Latin America and one North American unions have to come to terms with if they want to be of help. Monsignor Higgins of the NCWC Social Action department agreed, but with a rather large dissent. In his view, he said, the Christian unions were totally unnecessary, sprinkled with dubious leadership and given to "monkeying around with the Vatican" to get opposition unions condemned, but still, after all, they are well-established institutions that should not be isolated from the broad development of the union movement.

The Fatima-letter story would have carried off the prize for silliest-aspect-of-convention, except for the talk by Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Lane (USA, Ret.), head of a group called the Institute for Human Progress, a regular contributor to *The Wanderer* (the *Tablet* of the Prairies) and the possessor of some strong anti-government views, which he proceeded to fashion into an attack on the Alliance for Progress. This wouldn't have been so embarrassing except that the talk was given at a luncheon honoring Teodoro Moscoso, head of the Alliance, and before the assembled ambassadors of major Latin American governments. The General seemed to feel that government aid to Latin America infringed individual rights, particularly those of the wealthy, who should be left to develop into "the Fords and Rockefellers of Latin America." By now most of the ambassadors were looking at the General sideways, but he went on to establish that the future of Latin America lies with private groups and not governments.

Monsignor Higgins, who serves as CAIP executive secretary, salvaged what was left of the luncheon with a few unscheduled remarks on the role of government in Catholic social thought, which turned out to be somewhat broader than General Lane had thought. It was the best talk of the convention, sprinkled with wit and humor as well as gracious references to the General for establishing so well that part of Catholic social thought he had chosen to discuss.

The annual peace award went to Mr. Moscoso, and with the buffeting the Alliance has taken in recent weeks, it must have come as welcome balm. The generals (Honduran and Dominican as well as USA, Ret.) have been threatening to make a shambles of the Alliance, and the House has added to its woes by slashing a billion dollars from its 1964 budget. (As Senator Humphrey noted, if the House decision stands, the United States, with all its trumpeting about the Alliance, will spend in all of Latin America next year only a shade more than Russia's total aid to Cuba.)

Senator Humphrey was scheduled to speak but didn't appear; he was out non-politicking with President Kennedy in the Western provinces and sent an aide, John Rielly, to read his talk. It was billed as a "major foreign policy address," which in Washingtonese is any foreign-affairs speech actually typed out and read standing up. Major or not, the paper contributed the conference's only conspicuously fresh ideas, among them a proposal to administer the Alliance for Progress multi-laterally, à la the Marshall Plan, and a suggestion that the U. S. urge Latin American nations to draw up a treaty, including verification plans, to denuclearize all of Latin America and prevent any repetition of last year's Cuban crisis.

The conference as a whole pointed up what seems a central problem for the CAIP: the struggle to seem both an official and unofficial voice of the American Church on foreign affairs. The organization draws respect for its independence, yet is listened to in many quarters because its offices in the NCWC building seem to identify it with the hierarchy. This status is called "semi-official," a never-never land that provides no permanent home and merely multiplies difficulties. Presumably the clash between what can be said officially and what can be said independently is partly responsible for bland conferences and the general tarnishing of CAIP's avant garde image. It's an ambiguity that can't last forever. JOHN LEO

(John Leo is an Associate Editor of The Commonweal.)

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A Bright Day for the New Theology

New Spirit at the Council

GREGORY BAUM

THE MOOD of the second session is new and different, both outside and inside the Council. Since the conciliar secret has been confined to the working commissions and the text of the official schemata, the discussion of the bishops in the daily general congregations is now available to the public, subject only to the prudence and moderation of those present. For this everyone is grateful. At this second session, therefore, the task of journalism has been radically transformed. After each congregation, about 1 p.m., a news release is issued summarizing the speeches of the bishops, and at 2:30 p.m. the American bishops' panel of theologians discusses, for the benefit of the press, the content of the schema and the meaning of the episcopal interventions. The material made public is enormous. The journalist is no longer rushing about trying to hunt up secret information; his task now is rather one of selection, of interpretation, of synthesis. One may well wonder if all the reporters gathered at Rome will be capable of this. While at the last session the journalists judged the news release, at the present session, it seems to me, the available information will judge the journalists.

Inside the Council the mood is different, and this for a variety of reasons. First of all, the schema *De Ecclesia* which is now being discussed (and will be, for a long while) reflects a more universal and ecumenical approach. At the last session the theological schemata had been prepared in terms of our old-fashioned theological manuals, and the Council Fathers in touch with modern Catholic theology were in the opposition. They had to speak up in criticism, and it was by no means clear at the outset whether they would be able to assert their position. The present schema on the Church, however, is not just a corrected version of the old one, but an entirely new composition, reflecting many of the great insights of modern theology with its biblical, liturgical, and patristic orientation. The opposition now comes from another side, and some of the criticism that is heard on the floor of the Council stems from bishops who have little contact with modern theology.

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Before the opening of the second session it was not clear whether the bishops who had so courageously and successfully pushed contemporary Catholic thought at the first session would be content with what had been achieved, or whether they would still press for greater perfection of the conciliar document. The schema on the Church had been drawn up by the theological commission, still under the chairmanship of Cardinal Ottaviani, and though many of the new insights had been integrated in it, others had been watered down, expressed obscurely, or neutralized in some way. Yet some of the groups who had been most outspoken in the first session felt that they should proceed more gently now and be content with the fruits they had reached.

IT WAS ONLY when Pope Paul spoke on September 29, at the opening of the second session, that the bishops realized that he stood wholeheartedly behind the movement of renewal, and that he encouraged them to go further. The understanding of the Church contained in the Pope's speech not only approved of the new approach of the present schema, but went a great deal beyond it. His speech was altogether remarkable, and it is of greatest importance for the understanding of the second session to analyze the content of Pope Paul's first great public statement.

On September 21, a week prior to the opening of the session, Pope Paul had given a talk to the Roman Curia which had been widely publicized. In it he had not only foretold the reform of the Church's central administrative body but also stressed two important ideas in reference to the Council. Pope Paul had stressed, as no pope before him, that the Church, in as much as she is a human institution, is constantly in need of reform, and secondly he had encouraged the modern stress on collegiality in the Church.

But to follow the direction the renewal of the Church is taking we must analyze the inaugural speech of the Pope. We have here an unusually rich document, which would be very well worth a detailed commentary. The Pope is here in dialogue with modern thought—his whole speech written in the style of modern theology. It opens with a summary of Pope John's con-

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tribution to the renewal of the Church. Then follow several Christological paragraphs of such extraordinary force that the text resembles a solemn hymn to Christ, the Lord of the Church. He is the One Mediator between God and man, the One Source of truth, and our thinking and acting in the Church must be altogether derived from Him. The Christological theme echoing the Pope's conciliar speech in the last session as Cardinal Montini, is so powerful and surprisingly emphatic that one wonders if this does not contain a hint with reference to a discussion which will come up later in the Council, namely where to place the Blessed Virgin in the Church and what specific role she has in the Christian's daily experience of his redemption.

Then the Pope indicated four areas in which the Council is to advance the life and wisdom of the Church: the Church's self-awareness, the Church's reform, the unity of Christians, and finally the Church's relation to the modern world.

IN DISCUSSING the Church's self-awareness the Pope approached the subject with the method characteristic of modern theology. In our manual approach (if I may use this term to signify the sterile and uncreative neo-scholasticism of yesterday) we began with definitions of theological realities, and then sought greater insight by relating the concepts to one another or by analyzing these definitions to discover all their topical implications. In modern theology, in better harmony with the great tradition of the Church, we begin with the mysterious reality which God made known to the Church and try to grasp it through various words and images revealed to us in God's Word. We know that none of these images will exhaust the reality, and that each adds its own particular aspect to our understanding. Even when we come to definitions of truth which have been necessary in the life of the Church, we realize that these do not dispense us from listening to God's Word, with these definitions as our guide, to learn more and more about the hidden reality. God's revelation is inexhaustible.

Applying this method to the understanding of what the Church is, we do not begin with a definition of the Church in conceptual terms, but rather affirm that the Church is a mystery and approach it through the various images which God has revealed to communicate the saving reality to us: people of God, mystical body, spouse of the Lord, etc.

This is Pope Paul's approach, and this is the approach of the schema on the Church. In the first few days of conciliar discussion, some bishops objected to the fact that the schema begins with the affirmation that the Church is a mystery. This is too vague, these bishops felt; the faithful might think that the bishops themselves do not know what the Church is; the schema should begin with a clear definition! We have here a clash between two theological worlds. It is, of course, true that Catholics know where the Church is and how it can be defined so as to distinguish it from other communities in the world, but if we begin to consider the Church in terms of such a definition we do not gain very much insight. Pope Paul said: "The Church is a mystery, she is a mysterious reality imbued with God's presence, and for that reason she is ever susceptible of new and deeper investigation."

The Pope told us in his speech that the Church should announce to men, inside and outside her borders, what she is or, rather, what God does in her, not in terms of dogmatic definitions, but rather as a communication of her self-awareness. How does this self-awareness arise in the Church? How does the Church listen to what Christ told her and is still telling her? Pope Paul answered this in a single sentence which discloses his own stand on the controverted issue of the last session about "the two sources of revelation." Though the whole subject has been dropped from the Council, or so it seems, the Pope indicated to the bishops his own position. "This self-awareness of the Church," he said, "is clarified by faithful adherence to the words and utterances of Christ, by respectful attention to the teaching of ecclesiastical tradition, and by docility to the interior illumination of the Holy Ghost." If I understand this sentence correctly, Pope Paul regards as the one source of revelation Christ's self-communication in His utterances, which are recorded in the Scriptures. The guide to the right understanding of these utterances is the Church's teaching and the light of the Holy Spirit. It seems that Congar, Rahner, Geiselmann and Tavard have another theologian on their side, namely Pope Paul VI. No wonder that the mood of the second session is different.

TO THIS self-understanding of the Church belongs the collegiality of her bishops. In his inaugural speech as well as in his preceding talk to the Curia, the Pope specifically approved of the present movement within the Church, and within the Council, to re-emphasize the episcopal college and understand the role of the supreme bishop as from within that body of bishops.

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We will hear a great deal more about this subject when the matter will be under discussion at the Council. It is most encouraging that the Pope does not regard this movement as an attempt to belittle his own role in the Church; on the contrary, he said that "a more effective and responsible collaboration with (his) beloved and venerable brothers in the episcopate" will actually help and support the action of the Pope.

With this encouragement, the bishops will insist at the Council that this collegiality shall be expressed quite clearly and that it will find canonical expression in its permanent institutions, such as a senate meeting in Rome at regular intervals. On the very first day of the conciliar debates, in commenting on the schema *De Ecclesia* in general, several voices took up the matter, most succinctly perhaps Ukrainian Archbishop Hermaniuk of Winnipeg, Canada. He insisted that the Council clarify once and for all that the episcopal college is the totality of bishops *including* the pope as principal member, so that it will henceforth be no longer ambiguous to say that the episcopal college is the supreme authority in the Church. According to present-day psychology, such a sentence sounds as if one wanted to belittle the power of the pope. But once the clarification is universally accepted, then it will be ambiguous, on the contrary, to speak of the episcopal college *and* the pope, thereby suggesting that the pope is outside of the episcopal college and acts apart from it.

A similar ambiguity pervades the minds of several speakers at the Council and the general public including the press. Again and again we hear contrasted Council and pope, as if these were two separate entities. As a matter of fact such an understanding of a Council is contrary to Catholic teaching. There is no Council without the bishop of Rome, and therefore whenever we say Council we *include* the pope. We might add that the ways in which Pope John and, after him, Pope Paul have influenced and guided the Council clearly show that they regarded themselves as presidents acting from within the body, by hints and persuasive gestures, and by steering, occasionally, the procedure to favor the majority, very much as any president would handle an assembly. They did not act with supreme power from a superior position outside the Council.

THE SECOND area which the Pope discussed was the reform of the Church. He began with the same Christocentric vision of the Church. The Church is the Bride of Christ, constantly looking at her divine Lord in order to discover in Him her true likeness. In Christ the Church discovers what she is meant to be, what He has made her to be, and to what extent she has failed and deformed her true image. This glance at Christ with faith, is, therefore, the beginning of her renewal and the movement for an ever greater fidelity to His will.

"The living Church must always correspond to the Living Christ." This is an extraordinary dynamic vision of the Church which, to my knowledge, has never appeared in any official document of the teaching Church.

When we speak of the Church as the mystical body of Christ, we tend to emphasize the unity of Christ and his people to such an extent that it becomes difficult to acknowledge the shortcomings of the Church in history and to establish the need for reform. The body of Christ may be said to suffer in the world, but can it be said to be sinful? For this reason Catholic theologians, engaged in the ecumenical dialogue, have sought to stress the union of Christ and the Church as well as their distinction. The Church is one with Christ; but as Bride she is also understood as being face to face with Christ. She discovers in Him her holiness, and she learns from Him that she lacks in holiness. Despite the sins and failings of her members, the Church is holy because Christ continues to speak to her, and to act in her, to forgive her sins and to strengthen her in grace.

God's Living Word is that which constantly renews the Church. Pope Paul said: "The first requirement of this reform is a more diligent study and a more intensive proclamation of the Word of God."

This ecclesiology goes beyond Pius XII's *Mystici Corporis*. And yet in this area as well as in others, certain conservative voices at the conciliar debates keep on referring to Pius XII's encyclical as if it were a final norm and could not be complemented by deeper insights. For this reason, Pope Paul, in his opening speech, made it clear that this famous encylical is only one step towards that greater insight into the mystery of the Church that we seek. He said, "The celebrated encyclical of Pope Pius XII *Mystici Corporis* has partly answered the Church's longing to express her nature in a full doctrinal form, but partly has also served to spur her to give herself a more exhaustive definition." These words encouraged the bishops to propose that the present schema, good as it is, be brought into greater conformity with modern Catholic theology even when this means going beyond the great encyclical of Pius XII.

The third area discussed by the Pope is that of Christian unity. Here again the encouragement was to continue in the effort to make the conciliar documents more ecumenical. The Pope strongly emphasized that baptism of faith is the entry into the perfect unity of Christ, even if, according to Catholic faith, this perfect unity is available to men only in the Catholic Church. That a vast number of Christians separated from the Catholic Church actually desire this perfect unity in a single communion becomes daily more apparent. The Pope refers to the ecumenical movement and makes a direct reference to formula in which the Third As-

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sembly of the World Council of Churches at New Delhi described the unity which the Churches seek. The Pope said that in these recent developments convictions have emerged that there can only be one Church of Christ, and that the mysterious and visible unity of this Church implies identity of faith, participation in the same sacraments, and the coherence of a single ecclesiastical direction, even if the greatest possible variety of rites, institutions, theology, and ways of life should be found in it.

This is basically the formula of New Delhi. The text of New Delhi is a little more general, and instead of speaking of the unity of government actually refers to the unity of ministry, in the sense at least that the various ministries in the Church cohere in mutual service and unity of purpose.

The Pope then asked what the reaction of the Council will be to this understanding of things on the part of other Christians. The Council, we are told, will move forward toward greater ecumenicity, that is toward greater diversity, universality, flexibility, thus making the Church more truly the place where all and every Christian gift is truly appreciated. According to Catholic faith, the One Church of the future, i. e., the Church possessing perfect ecumenicity, will be in continuity with the Catholic Church, but how we shall get there, we cannot now tell. *Hodie effulget spes, cras fortasse res.* Today we have the great hope, tomorrow perhaps the reality. What is proper to this Council, the Pope continued, is that it calls for, and hopes and trusts that the future will bring, a wider and fraternal participation in its authentic ecumenicity.

ADDRESSING himself to the observers of the various Christian Churches and communions, the Pope, in a most moving moment of his speech (which is not brought out in the printed text, because of the conditional tense of the verb) asked humbly pardon of all the Christian communions if he and his have in any way harmed or injured others, and solemnly promised that he too will forget the harm done by others to the Catholic Church. What we are striving for now, the Pope said, is not "the perfect reconciliation"; this "blessed hour" we must await with patience. But what we should have now is "true brotherly peace."

These few paragraphs of the papal speech sketch the dimensions of present-day ecumenism. The first concern of the Church is not to convince individual non-Catholic Christians of the truth of the Catholic claims, though concern for individuals is not excluded from the Church's activity, neither is it to negotiate with this or that Church about possible reconciliation. What counts today is to seek fraternal peace, to strive for renewal together, to be in dialogue, and to find more ways of collaborating in the temporal and spiritual order.

Here again, bishops were encouraged to see to it that the schema *De Ecclesia* contains a good foundation for fraternal dialogue with other Christian churches. It is well known that in this area there is a good deal of divergence among bishops. Some prelates still regard the ecumenical movement as a subtle form of convert-making! According to the press release, Archbishop Heenan of Westminster spoke up in the Council to stress that the love which we have for separated Christians should impell Catholics to do all they can to draw these into the Church. What greater love can we show them, the Archbishop said, than to help them to enter the Catholic Church? This approach considers the question of Christian unity only in terms of individuals, and neglects the wider question of the advance of the kingdom. One may wonder how, on such a basis, dialogue is possible at all. An opposite opinion was given, among other speakers, by Archbishop Baudoux of St. Boniface, Canada. He said that while we believe that the Catholic Church is the one Church of the Lord, we all observe that there are many Christian bodies in the world who announce the Gospel and celebrate baptism and other sacraments. It may be difficult for us, the Archbishop said, to define the relation of the Church to these Christian communions, but if God is pleased to save and sanctify men through them and is ready to accept their worship, then the Catholic Church must not hesitate to acknowledge these instruments of divine mercy in the world. Following this line of thought, then, the ecumenical activity of the Church would be to engage in dialogue and cooperation so that the renewal reaches all Christian churches and that all become more effective instruments of establishing God's kingdom in the world. Such an ecumenical action would set the Churches on a path which will ultimately lead to perfect Christian unity.

The fourth area touched upon by the Pope is the Church's relationship to the world. This subject is dear to Pope Paul. The Council is to engage the Church in conversation with the whole world. While the practical issues at stake in this question will be

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discussed in schema 17 on the Church's role in the world, already the present schema on the nature of the Church should contain the theological basis for the practical applications. What is necessary is to relate more closely the creation of mankind and the universal redemption in Jesus Christ, so that the Church of the Lord is clearly understood as a nucleus of new life placed at the center of creation as a seed for a universal transformation. Indeed, if the whole world is in principle redeemed by Christ and now oriented toward an eventual integration into the Mystical Body, then the created reality, the wisdom of men and the achievement of culture become precious to the eyes of faith, of great value and full of spiritual meaning. Then even the world speaks to us of God and His plan for unity. In this direction, too, the Pope encouraged the bishops to press for a greater adaptation of the present schema, good as it is, to requirements of the hour.

IT WAS WELL known after the first session that these ideas contained in the papal speech are shared or at least favored by the majority of the bishops. At the same time, the conservative opposition makes it difficult to proceed in the drafting of the documents since every point gives rise to new arguments. In order to speed up the movement of the Council, Pope Paul has created a moderating committee representing the Council president, i. e., the Pope himself, made up of four cardinals, Suenens, Lercaro, Döpfner, and Agagianian. This moderating committee carries on the function of the board of presidents of the last session, made up of ten cardinals to which two more were added recently, although this board still exists. The long table with the ten, and now twelve, cardinals still stands at the very end of a vast central aisle of the nave, right under the dome, facing the bishops, but now a smaller table with the four moderators has been placed in front of it indicating that the presidential function, if not the name, has passed to these cardinals—of whom three are known to be outspoken progressives.

The participants of the Council have been most curious to see how the moderators will act. The bishops had occasion to see Cardinal Lercaro in action a few days after the beginning of the discussion of the first chapter. Several of the great Cardinal Archbishops from various parts of the world had spoken in favor of widening and deepening our notion of the Church, but because of certain conflicts with the terminology of Pius XII in *Mystici Corporis,* the opposition within the Council and probably also within the theological commission which has to amend the present schema, tried to slow down the progress of Catholic doctrine. Then one morning, already on the third day of the debate, Cardinal Lercaro, speaking as moderator, prior to the other speakers who had asked to speak, gave explanations the bishops regarded as authoritative.

He clarified three main points which had been a source of conflict. First, the identity between Catholic Church and Mystical Body which had been emphasized in a number of documents of Pius XII must not be understood in too simple a fashion. Catholic Church and Mystical Body referred indeed to one reality, but they express different aspects of this one reality, aspects which do not coincide in this age but only in the age to come. Secondly, he declared that it was indeed the baptism of faith which incorporated men into the Church, and this so firmly that no subsequent separation can undo the sacramental bond. And thirdly, he explained that Christ has brought the world not simply a new doctrine, He has redeemed the world so that now all of creation is oriented toward Christ and His body. Christ has come to fulfill the order of creation; Christianity is a cosmic event.

These three points are commonly held in modern Catholic ecclesiology; and the Council Fathers of the renewal were well aware of it. But since the traditionalist bishops and especially certain members of the theological commission opposed these positions on the basis of authority, i. e., on the strength of Pope Pius XII's encyclicals, strong action on the part of the moderator was necessary. Cardinal Lecaro however did more. He mentioned the names of a number of cardinals and bishops whose interventions had expressed the wide view of the Church as servant and ferment in the world, and asked them to attend the meetings of the theological commission chaired by Cardinal Ottaviani. Their presence in this commission might help to have these thoughts formulated in the conciliar schema.

No wonder that the mood of the Council is different. There are still many problems which are unsolved and difficulties one can forsee. But the energetic support which the Pope gives to the bishops concerned with renewal certainly indicates the Council's direction.

Swan

Sunlight flashed upon
And magnified the swan.

Sunlight to it lent
Unearthly element—

An incandescent white,
As of some mystic light.

Then, out of ages gone,
I saw the brilliant swan

Tow a luminous myth
It was glowing with;

And from the myth, a wake
Burned along the lake.

LOUIS GINSBERG

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Tribal Loyalty and Isolationism Are Taking Their Toll

The Poet's Cult

SAMUEL HAZO

PLATO banished poets from the republic because he claimed they could neither account for nor take credit for inspiration that moved them to compose poems. Instruments of the gods, they simply relayed the divine afflatus to other men without being able to understand or explain the real nature of their utterances. If Plato were alive today, he might be tempted to banish poets for a different reason. Rather than mirror something of the divine to men, many American poets have betrayed it. They have written "poetry" as if they were members of a kind of linguistic gymnasium and as if poems were forms of prescribed calisthenics.

As if such effete muscle-flexing were not enough, they are not infrequently given to complimenting one another with an almost incestuous kindness: they review one another's books; they become ensconced in the editorial seats of previously worthwhile publications; they go into the "poetry business" of circuit readings, summer workshops, creative writing symposia or anthologizing and re-anthologizing some of the work of living-dead-poets together with that of dead-living-poets. In short, what Plato regarded as a gift has become the basis for a cult, and the cult has become a clique, and the clique has shown signs of becoming a gang.

One of the basic virtues of poetic gangdom is loyalty. The beats are loyal to the beats. The members of the Academy of American Poets are loyal to other members of the academy. Within each gang, one may allow oneself the liberty of polite disagreement (occasionally in print), but one never goes too far. But between gangs, disagreement is almost invariably acerbic. Look at some of the results. In 1960 Donald Allen edited a Grove Press publication called *The New American Poetry, 1945-1960* in which only the work of beat poets was included—to the chagrin of no one except the few beats who were not. A few years earlier Donald Hall, Louis Simpson and Robert Pack had brought out their Meridian edition entitled *The New Poets of England and America* (subsequently followed by a second selection by Hall and Pack alone) in which none of Allen's "new American poets" appeared. Apparently what was regarded as "new" in one book was not so regarded in the other. It is true that Donald Hall has recently attempted to effect a marriage of sorts in his rather good Penguin anthology called *Contemporary American Poetry*, but how much of this effort (which groups Gary Snyder, Robert Creeley and Robert Duncan with Adrienne Rich, Edgar Bowers and Richard Wilbur) was reflective of editorial conviction rather than conciliation only Hall knows.

NONETHELESS, there is a tone of conciliation that is regrettably present in much of the criticism which the poets themselves write about one another. For instance, older poets like Allen Tate or self-appointed editor-seers like M. L. Rosenthal appear more proprietary than critically judicious, applauding a younger talent here or flagellating one there as if poets were a brood anxiously awaiting their approbation or disapprobation. One finds this same tone in many of the reviews in *Poetry* magazine, which has degenerated from what it was under Harriet Monroe and her immediate successors until it is now almost the poetic counterpart of *Time*—a follower of taste rather than a developer. One must look long and hard in its somewhat patronizing review-articles for something of the quality of Randall Jarrell's *Poetry and the Age* or for a critical judgment that is as free of cant as any ever given by Charles du Bos or Mark Van Doren or Robert Graves. But such quality is rarely there.

Perhaps one of the reasons for such aberrations in this plethora of mid-century poetry and poetic criticism is a basic misconception of the nature and role of the poet. Whitman was nothing but correct when he repeated the old injunction that a poet should be a kind of prophet—not a clairvoyant (what human being can be without supra-human grace?) but someone who, according to the etymological root of the word, could fountain forth his vision in language. Like the Hebrew prophets, the poet should be one who is blessed with "seeing," who is capable of perceiving the truth of right now, of enunciating what others miss, of serving as a kind of conscience of his people.

It must be said in all candor that the Russian poets have shown a greater grasp of this than we have. Look at Mayakovsky. Look at Yevtushenko's poetry or at the testaments that appear repeatedly in his autobiography. In our country there is only casual awareness of this

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aspect of poetic responsibility and talent. What has replaced it? In simplest terms the emphasis has switched from vision to craft. If you want to be a poet, go to a poetry workshop. Go to Iowa or Middlebury. Afterward, try and be Guggenheimed or, if worst comes to worst, find a job as a teacher of English somewhere and write "during the summers."

THE PRINCIPAL effect of all this is that we live, not in a Golden Age of American Poetry, as some have suggested, but in a generation of many talented but visionless versifiers who either yield to the patronage of the foundations or grow cynically older on university campuses. The behavior of such poetasters becomes more and more organizational and patterned, and the poetry predictably more and more drained of personality while remaining technically competent. The beats provided only a slight variation of this pattern by turning it inside out. They shunned the workshops, thumbed their noses at tradition and left the universities to the "squares." Regrettably, the majority of the beats never saw farther than their own negativism. It will not be long before they will be remembered primarily as reactionaries who, once they were accepted and absorbed by the very society they had previously vilified, ended—as Robert Frost predicted—"in the suburbs." Behind all the reactionism and anger was concealed the soul of the conformist.

Gangdom, versifying, patronage, cynicism and reactionism make for much poetasting but relatively little poetry. The gang critics do nothing to remedy the situation because their own vested interests prevent them from being little more than guarded when they are impressed and little less than snide when they are not. The versifiers, of course, can do little but perpetuate their own particular adulteration of the nature of poetry. Patronage in and of itself cannot make great poets greater any more than it can make poets out of poetasters. The beats are already *passé*. Cynicism in the poets who teach in colleges and universities (and hate it) undermines much of what they might do to remedy the situation.

However, it is my belief that poets in colleges and universities can exercise a tremendous influence on poetic taste. They work in and with a poetry-reading milieu and certainly are in an ideal position to refine taste away from pre-conditioned or stereotyped lines. Unfortunately, many of the poets who teach do so in a left-handed way. They spend too much of their time railing against the "solid scholars" and never seem willing to exert a real pressure of their own on the university community. If they complain that poetry is dehydrated in the classroom by unsympathetic or pedantic instructors, why shouldn't they move into the breach as vigorously as possible instead of conceding the field to the less knowledgeable?

If any reform of poetic taste is to come, it could well come about if and when poet-teachers provide a counterforce to some of their Swinburnian or Tennysonian colleagues. It should always be remembered that the only lasting reform is the reform that comes from within, and the poet-teachers are in the best position to accomplish this gradually by giving the lectures, precipitating the conversations and even writing the books (and the *textbooks*) that will bring about the change. Those who disagree should only look at the educational impact of *Understanding Poetry* by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren. Regardless of anybody's opinion of that book, it is impossible to deny the extent to which it has transformed the critical taste of generations of students and begotten one hardly knows how many textbook-imitators.

The important thing to note is that this revolution in taste was accomplished by two teachers who wrote a book; it was their way of counteracting certain fallacies in the way poetry was being considered in colleges, and the result after two decades has been formidable. Surely this type of endeavor is a more positive contribution to the spirit of intellectual curiosity and growth than the preference of certain "university poets" to live at the fringes of university life and periodically bewail the fact that they are paid less than the basketball coach or that poetry has been perfunctorily second-fiddled by science. Surely they are capable of more than this, and the challenge of gradual reform is sufficiently demanding to keep them free of reactionism.

Reactionism may be fashionable and even headline-prone, but it rarely brings about enduring results. Poets like Karl Shapiro and Allen Ginsberg who release salvos from time to time at the higher learning and the so-called "brahmins" will not change anything. Real change will be achieved by involved and committed poet-teachers and critics and not by intellectual fusiliers who take intermittent pot shots at real and imagined targets and then draw quickly out of range.

Perhaps the most regrettable part of this stultification of taste among Catholics is the mediocre quality of much of the criticism written by Catholic critics and the equally lamentable tendency of younger Catholic poets to ape some of their peers instead of speaking with a voice of their own. The critics to whom I refer are easily recognizable. They are constantly on the watch for a new champion of "Catholic poetry." For a time this champion was Thomas Merton (whose poetry, with occasional exceptions, was and is fundamentally prosaic), then Robert Lowell (whose first book, *Lord Weary's Castle*, was a gem but who has not matched it since—despite the fact that *Life Studies* received the National Book Award in the late fifties) and recently Brother Antoninus (who is really a rhapsode in much the same way that Vachel Lindsay was a rhapsode and whose good poems can be counted on one hand—and

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I certainly would not include the "Song the Body Dreamed in the Spirit's Mad Behest" which was inexplicably featured by the *Atlantic Monthly* in its Catholic supplement some months back).

Critics who are given to these chauvinistic and lionizing tendencies really do much mischief to poems that spring from the more ecumenical founts of love, suffering and universal joy. If such critics would strip themselves of such nominalistic limitations and forget their search for the poetic equivalent of boxing's great white hope, they would see that poetry that is reflective of a Christian sensibility is not and has never been confined to Catholics alone (although Catholic poets should be expected to reveal it, as John Logan, Ned O'Gorman, Claire McAllister, Ernest Sandeen, Sister Mary Gilbert and Sister Maura usually do). Others reveal it as well and often better. Look at the beautiful work of Richard Wilbur, Philip Booth and Anne Sexton, to give only a few examples. Moreover, the impulse to regard "Catholic poetry" as something that goes on within or with the blessing of the Catholic Poetry Society of America is simply immature. That society, despite its good intentions, is fundamentally a different version of the cult or clique instinct.

SOME OF the imitative tendencies of the younger Catholic poets can also reach debilitating proportions. After a certain point it is simply distracting to hear so many of them imitating or echoing Hopkins or Eliot. And there are entirely too many who have never recovered from Dylan Thomas both on the page and on the stage. How many of these poets still persist in giving poetry readings which are nothing but somewhat faded carbon copies of Thomas' unique and honeyed originals?

Cultism, cynicism, nominalism and other allied isms will always be the enemies of talent. Nor will there be much change in contemporary poets or in poetic taste as long as these tendencies prevail. There is no defensible reason for poets to become members of a clique. Likewise, there is no reason short of outright cowardice for poet-teachers to abandon poetry to the pedants. In all of these instances poetry has been repeatedly betrayed and denatured. The real challenge is to return to the true nature of poetry itself. It has never been a matter of craft alone, and those who think that it is deserve the "ass's ears of Midas" which Sir Philip Sidney was once tempted to give them. Nor has it ever been the property of particular schools or movements. It has existed where poets have been faithful to their own visions and when they have said so with all the music and talent in their possession. And it has been best appreciated by those who are free of bias and who realize that true poetry speaks finally of the common nationality of flesh and blood.

Plato was, of course, right when he claimed that poets received some form of divine quickening or inspiration to speak of such things. But this is nothing to be ashamed of (and will never be) unless poets themselves—as well as critics—strive in their work and words to deny or betray it.

Autopsy of a Faded Romance

Salinger and His Critics

DONALD P. COSTELLO

AS *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour—An Introduction* slips off the best-seller lists, the critics continue to snap at the heels of J. D. Salinger. The great disenchantment has set in among those whom Buddy Glass, the "alter-ego and collaborator" of J. D. Salinger, has called "camp followers of the arts." It is, I suppose, natural that the long-standing (since 1951) great love affair among Salinger, the public, and the critics could not continue at the same fever pitch of passion. The statistics of the love affair are phenomenal. Some two million copies of *The Catcher in the Rye* have been sold in the United States alone; at last count the novel was required reading at 275 American colleges, enshrined not only in Bennett Cerf's Modern Library, but also in paperback editions by Signet and soon by Bantam. Recently a travelling critic has discovered that the book is a great commercial and critical success in Finland, Germany, France, Italy, Poland, Israel, Great Britain, Czechoslovakia, with many more translations now coming out. (How would ". . . all that David Copperfield kind of crap" sound in Czech?) Much more room is occupied on my bookshelf by collections of criticism of J. D. Salinger than by his col-

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lected works. Every time a Salinger story is published in *The New Yorker,* that issue of the magazine sells out in one day; and after the stories are clapped together into hard covers they have stayed on the best-seller lists for months upon months. Salinger himself has been canonized by a *Time* cover story, and by a *Life* feature, the whole point of which was that Mr. Luce's reporter couldn't get an interview.

But one look at the reviews of the latest of the Salinger hard-cover collections will show that the critics are beginning to jilt J. D. Salinger, no matter how faithful the public remains. I'm certainly not sure of all the *reasons* for the disenchantment of the last year or so. Perhaps it is partly because a critic finds it as much fun to destroy a reputation as to mold one. Perhaps it is also because such popularity as Salinger has enjoyed is taken as a sure sign of selling out. But I'm quite sure that the major reason is a misunderstanding of Salinger's attempt: he is simply not *trying* to be Ernest Hemingway. At any rate, for the past year, the cooling-off has been glacial.

Most critics are polite in their new disdain, some are sad, or merely tired. And then there is Mary McCarthy, thumbing her nose in a kind of bitchy pique. (She has seen to it that, lord knows, no reader would want to call *her* up.) In last year's *Harper's* article about Salinger's "closed circuit," Mary McCarthy asked, almost incidentally, "Who is to inherit the mantle of Papa Hemingway?" And with scorn she replied, "Who if not J. D. Salinger." She is, of course, right in spite of herself. Some years ago now Granville Hicks pointed out that for college generations of the fifties and the sixties, Salinger has had precisely the kind of importance that Hemingway had for the young people of the twenties. But it is, I think, precisely the difference between what Hemingway created in fiction and what Salinger is in the process of creating which is the key to the current critical assault on Salinger. To Miss McCarthy's Hemingway-fed generation, Salinger is a bad writer because he is the opposite of Hemingway.

HEMINGWAY was the author of exile, the spokesman for a generation of expatriates. Withdrawal into self—to eat, to drink, to sleep with Catherine—was the answer for an age which saw man as so many ants on a log waiting to be roasted or steamed to death. In a world of Nada, a world which "kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially," a man could only—sad as it might be—face death bravely. So Hemingway invented a new manner—a style which for forty years has been the most influential style in literature. The Hemingway style, of course, mirrored the theme: withdrawn, cold, matter-of-fact, brisk, the person of the author totally uninvolved, dealing with surfaces and the senses: "In the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. . . . After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain." Hemingway carried through the Joycean attempt (after Henry James and Joseph Conrad) to refine the story-teller "out of existence." This Hemingway detachment was of course a pose, for no great author can be detached. Mary McCarthy is probably right in contending that "in Hemingway's work there was never anybody but Hemingway in a series of disguises." J. D. Salinger's purpose is exactly to *drop* the disguise, to bring the author, frankly and obtrusively and lovingly, back into the fiction. For J. D. Salinger is the opposite of Hemingway both in theme and in manner.

Hemingway's solution was Holden's disease—and Franny's, and probably Seymour's. Holden could not face a world of age, death, sickness, ugliness, sex and perversion, poverty, custom, and cant. He found phonies because that is all he looked for. And so he ran away, he withdrew. Franny, too, was "sick of pedants and conceited little tearer-downers," sick of "ego, ego, ego." Because she couldn't meet anyobdy she could respect, because "everything everybody does is so—I don't know—not wrong, or even mean, or even stupid necessarily. But just so tiny and meaningless and—sad-making," she, too, withdrew—into a false use of the mysticism of the Jesus Prayer. But Zooey, like Mr. Antolini, preaches a cure to this disease, a solution to the old problem of existence in an ugly world, a solution which is the opposite of withdrawal. The solution is not withdrawal or exile, but encounter. Mr. Antolini's message to Holden is to accept the world, to "live." Zooey's solution, in the "love story, pure and complicated" called "Zooey" (the solution which Franny discovers contains "all of what little or much wisdom there is in the world"), is also to *live,* not for self, but for others, out of love—even to eat Bessie's consecrated chicken soup. The Salinger solution is to live out of love for everyone, for "there isn't anyone out there who isn't Seymour's Fat Lady." There isn't anyone who isn't, that is, "Christ Himself. Christ Himself, buddy." Buddy Glass gives us the same solution as Zooey, at the end of "Seymour—An Introduction." He tells us that "there is no single thing I do that is more important than going into that awful Room 307," because "all we do our whole lives is go from one little piece of Holy Ground to the next."

It is, of course, dangerous to give answers in modern fiction. After the questionings of *The Catcher in the Rye,* Salinger has given some answers; and that doesn't

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set well with The Group, or with the *Partisan Review-Harper's* crowd. It is particularly dangerous if the answers, as Buddy Glass puts it, make any professional use of the word "God," except as a familiar, healthy American expletive. Salinger uses not only "God" but the love that dwells there. That's the trouble with the Glasses, says Mary McCarthy: "They are all good guys: they love each other and their parents and their cat and their gold-fish." John Updike complains that "Salinger seems to love his characters more than God loves them." And, indeed, at the beginning of "Seymour—An Introduction," the narrator admits—along with Kafka—that he writes of his characters "with steadfast love." I don't know how Updike *knows* how much God loves the Glasses; but he clearly doesn't like Salinger's loving them. Updike is certainly right: Salinger does love the Glasses, and asks us to love them. It is an accurate description, but a very bad complaint.

TO PREACH his doctrine of loving encounter, of acceptance of the world as Holy Ground, rather than of withdrawal from Nada, Salinger has progressively developed a manner which *does* it, a manner which fits, and is therefore artistic, no matter how different it may be from Hemingway's artistic manner. To express an opposite theme, Salinger invents and develops an opposite style: personal, intimate, the narrator completely present, always in the mind of the reader in the person of the clever, self-conscious, idiosyncratic, even cute, Buddy Glass.

The germ of the purposeful, effective, developing Salinger style, which reaches its idiosyncratic peak in "Seymour—An Introduction," was noticeable even at the beginning, in *The Catcher in the Rye*. In 1953, a critic in *The Hudson Review* remarked: "Salinger has a quick ear and a fine talent . . . but to a certain extent he lacks detachment and disinterestedness. One has sometimes an oppressive and uncomfortable awareness of the author's nervous involvement in the hurt of his sensitive, witty, suicidal heroes." (Again, an accurate description, but a bad complaint.) And this new attached and interested style is, it seems, fast becoming as influential on the new generation as Hemingway's was on the old. Prophetically, The Commonweal's review of *The Catcher in the Rye* remarked that Salinger's idiom and style were a "tour de force the American fiction writer will probably find himself increasingly doomed to attempt." Read any undergraduate short story these days and decide whether that was right.

Of all people aware of this new Salinger style, conscious of its difference from the detached Hemingway ideal of the past, none is more aware than Salinger himself. He admits everything that the critics could complain about in his style. In his dedication to *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger calls himself "hopelessly flamboyant," and in his introduction to "Zooey," Buddy Glass calls his style "excruciatingly personal." In "Seymour—An Introduction" Buddy tells us that he is "an ecstatically happy prose writer" who, therefore, "can't be moderate or temperate or brief." He tells us, indeed, that he "can't be detached." Buddy's very existence—as a *brother* to the family at hand—allows Salinger to increase his "nervous involvement." More and more Salinger has identified Buddy Glass with himself: on the dust jacket to *Franny and Zooey*, Salinger first calls Buddy Glass his "alter-ego and collaborator." In "Seymour—An Introduction" we learn that Buddy was born in 1919, the same year as J. D. Salinger; and Buddy describes his past books, which are clearly J. D. Salinger's past books; and even mentions the rumor that he spends "six months of the year in a Buddhist monastery and the other six in a mental institution." By the time of this most recent Salinger story, so successful has the informality and the Salinger-Buddy personal involvement become that Buddy writes, "It seems to me that this composition has never been in more danger than right now of taking on precisely the informality of underwear."

So personal a style will of course have "flaws" if one is expecting an opposite style. If the style is to communicate the love of a totally *involved* human being, it will not be neat or tidy or economical or cold or crisp: the letter in "Zooey," Buddy admits, was "virtually endless in length, over-written, teaching, repetitious, opinionated, remonstrative, condescending, embarrassing—and filled, to a surfeit, with affection." If the person writing is to be himself always present, is to be communicated as clever and self-conscious, the style will be rather obtrusively clever: "Cleverness," Seymour complains of Buddy's style, is his "permanent affliction," his "wooden leg." That is the cleverness we see throughout the later Salinger: obtrusive, certainly, but that's the point:

"If, with the right kind of luck, it comes off, it should be comparable in effect to a compulsory guided tour through the engine room, with myself, as guide, leading the way in an old one-piece Jantzen bathing suit. . . . She was wearing her usual at-home vesture—what her son Buddy (who was a writer, and consequently, as Kafka, no less, has told us, *not a nice man*) called her prenotification-of-death uniform. . . . Please accept from me this unpretentious bouquet of very early-blooming parentheses: ((((()))))."

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Along with the self-conscious and involved style, what happens to the structure under this Salinger intent? It becomes not the conventional form of a short story, where we are aware that, chronologically, a story is being unfolded; nor is it a carefully constructed symbolic pattern. The form becomes instead personal, uneconomical, loose, spontaneous (and surprisingly delightful). "What I'm about to offer," Buddy tells us in "Zooey," "isn't really a short story at all but a sort of prose home movie." And in "Seymour—An Introduction" Buddy admits that he is "a narrator with extremely pressing personal needs." And that therefore: "I want to introduce, I want to describe, I want to distribute mementos, amulets, I want to break out my wallet and pass around snapshots, I want to follow my nose. In this mood, I don't dare go anywhere near the short-story form. It eats up fat little undetached writers like me whole."

THE CHARACTERS are affected, too, by the Salinger intent. Of the people in "Zooey," Buddy says, "Not one of the three, I might well add, showed any noticeably soaring talent for brevity of detail or compression of incident. A short-coming, I'm afraid, that will be carried over to this, the final, or shooting, version." We like the casually-revealed Salinger people for themselves, and—when we recognize in astonishing flashes thoughts we thought were our own—we like them for ourselves which we see in them. It's marvelously *pleasant* to like Salinger characters—the simply pleasant is rare in modern fiction, perhaps rare enough to account for a good deal of Salinger's popularity. It's pleasant to like Salinger characters even when we are embarrassed by them, when, that is, we see that the joke is on us, as, for example, when Lane, in an affected blasé attitude, goes to meet Franny's train looking like "he has at least three lighted cigarettes in each hand." Everyone will have his own embarrassing moment of recognition in Salinger. Salinger's characters come alive astonishingly, "with a stunning and detailed air of presence," as Henry Anatole Grunwald has put it. And as we savor the people, we savor the present conversational moment which they are engaged in. We savor, in Salinger, what Seymour called "the main current of poetry that flows through things, all things," that which Salinger reveals to us through his style and structure and character. The *result* of the whole Salinger manner is a sense of leisure, delight in the moment, in the personality being revealed, in delightful witty people, delight in spontaneity, the delight we feel in even the long list of contents of the Glass' bathroom medicine cabinet.

"Salinger is a poet," Arthur Mizener has pointed out, "in the only sense that he himself would probably take seriously: he's a man with his own special insight into the meaning of experience." If Salinger's critics are abandoning him because it is becoming increasingly clear that he is not Ernest Hemingway, Salinger doesn't seem to mind. Buddy Glass does seem to know what he is doing, and where he is going. All the personal idiosyncracies of the Salinger manner are there because Salinger has chosen a personal, positive way to say a personal, positive thing, to express his own special insight into the meaning of experience. He knows he is moving along. "I think it's high time," Buddy tells us, "that all the elderly boy writers were asked to move along from the ballparks and the bull rings."

The Fishermen

We lived by fishing.
My brother and I
we knew the faces of our sea
and when she smiled at us
we were content.

And then one day
He came
with talk of other seas.
Strange, swift as a lake-storm
we were His men.

I have been known
to speak my mind,
and so they looked to me
(though I'm no rock, God knows,
more like the sand—

quick to demand,
quick to deny,
and I have learned to weep
like a woman.
No matter,

let Him build on sand
if it pleases Him)
they looked to me
to find out
where we stood.

And so I asked
Lord, what of us.
We didn't know then
what He meant by hundredfolds
and everlasting life.

Now He is gone
and we are fishermen again.
You ask me 'has He kept His word.'
I answer only what I know,
we are content.

ADELYN O'CONNELL, RSCJ

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Cinema's Last Stand

WILFRID SHEED

THE RECENT New York film festival was one of those events which, like a royal visit to Australia, or a showing of the headmaster's slides, everyone had agreed to call a great success, whatever it actually was. There seemed to be a feeling that the art of cinema was at the crossroads; Mr. August Hecksher, the royal messenger, read a Presidential blessing on the first evening and the air was heavy with self-conscious portent from there on in.

It is hard to see in what sense the Festival really could be called a success. A lot of people showed up, of course (it would have been surprising if they hadn't) and, like the crowd who marched to Washington, they behaved quite decently, considering. (Apart from a few hearties who hissed and giggled at odd moments, we turned out to be a pretty mature group. Cinema has truly come of age, as Mr. Hecksher might put it.) Beyond that, the Festival dumped a large swatch of fair-to-middling films on a film-saturated city. It did not provide them with color or context. There were no extras: no starlets, no speeches, no prizes even. One wandered the lobbies, foraging for an event: a berserk director or a haunting gesture. But Lincoln center just isn't the place for it. One might as well expect a gesture in an airport terminal. (People said "there's Bosley," and that was about it.)

I didn't get to see more than six of the films, but if hearsay is its old reliable self, the art of cinema is still at those crossroads. Nothing brings out the limits of the form so unmistakably as a poor art film. And oddly enough, even the people who insisted throughout that the Festival was a breakthrough and a landmark, seemed agreed that the films themselves were not very good; they did not seem to feel that this mattered. (Perhaps it didn't. Everybody really knows by now what movies are like, don't they?)

Of the six I saw, one was very good indeed. This was Luis Bunuel's *Exterminating Angel*—a brooding, anti-clerical (in the most Spanish sense of the word) tract. To cut a long allegory short, a group of rich people find themselves mysteriously unable to leave a richly ornate living-room; and this living-room is later equated with the Church. The film is riddled with symbols and the spectator can wear himself to a shadow trying to sort them out and decode them. Sex dies in a closet, fair enough; but what is that bear doing out in the hall? The host is clearly a Christ-figure of some sort, who offers to kill himself that the others may leave: does this mean that Christ got us into the Church and only Christ can get us out again? And what would the Bishop of Woolwich say to that?

Movies don't stop for breath and you have to let some of the meaning go if you want to keep up. But Bunuel's story would be absorbing even if it didn't symbolize anything at all (the most obvious test of such matters). His single-minded disgust is infectious; the festering living-room becomes one's spiritual home—so much so that I was surprised when the character complained about its coldness: I thought it was rather too hot. As the characters putrefy, in mysterious captivity, you are likely to become restless yourself. You won't be able to leave the Lincoln Center after it's all over, that's what the film symbolizes.

MANY OF the more persistent reviewers felt just that by the time they got to Alan Resnais' *Muriel* on the next to last evening. This foolish film demands, as much as Bunuel's, considerable concentration; but the concentation is not for one moment rewarded. *Muriel* is full of signs that point nowhere, full of the kind of foppish tricks that have given art films a bad name in easily-bewildered circles. Compared with the worst Italian director you can think of, Resnais comes off a feather-weight clown, a café-artist with just enough technical skill to rivet your attention to his emptiness.

This at least is the kind of black thought one was having by the end of the Marathon. The evening before, we had been watching an Italian film in the Antonioni manner, and at that point the temptation was to think that, compared with the silliest French director, these Italians . . . but that wouldn't have been fair. *Il Mare* is quite an interesting picture which a less punchy viewer might even have got quite a lot out of. The chief trouble with it is the movie-sounds: feet clicking across the courtyard, tap tap tap tap (pause, then faster) tap, tap, tap, tap, *tap* (silence, heavy breathing); and the movie-sights: the Antonioni vistas, the long, empty rooms, the inevitable rain-storm. The sounds in particular were so familiar by then that one could have

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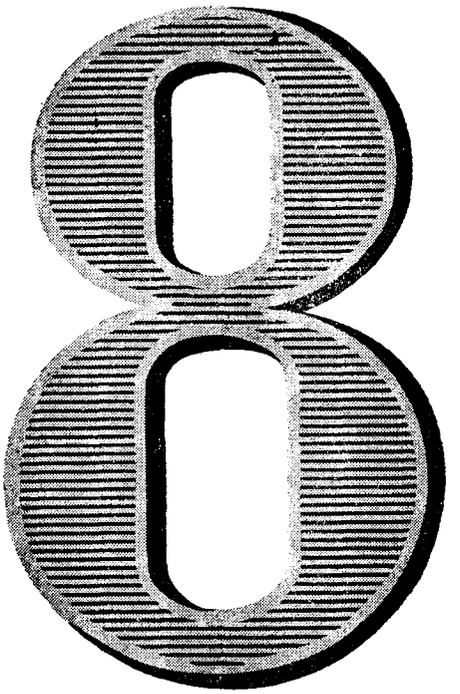

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constructed a whole foreign-film out of aural-clichés

Il Mare concerns three people: man, woman and what I took to be male-prostitute. The woman serves no real purpose, being not a woman at all but some sort of mechanical device. (If you had to construct a woman theoretically, out of, say, photographs in *Vogue*, you might wind up with something like this.) However, the scenes between the two males are interestingly strange. There is one in particular where the boy, in a fit of playfulness, gags his companion on perfume and half-drowns him in the bath-tub—well you can see what I mean about strange. If *Il Mare* had stuck with this, it might have been a fairly arresting movie.

PROBABLY the low point of the festival was the Hungarian item, *Love in the Suburbs*. This debacle spotlighted one of the obvious weaknesses of festivals—the attempt to internationalize at all costs. Some nations do not, at the moment, meet the best international standards. If this for instance is really the best the Hungarians have to offer, they ought to show their films at the embassy, and not at the crossroads.

Their entry was additionally embarrassed by some late-Victorian subtitling, which had even the purists giggling. But early on, there was a long stretch of almost total silence, in which the director could have shown his stuff: and a less pregnant fifteen minutes I never hope to sit through. This sequence was apparently calculated to establish the drabness of suburban life. And, curiously, it didn't even achieve that. The principal girl showers and dresses (nothing drab about that) then she goes marketing, talks to the neighbors, etc. Very dull for us, but not necessarily so for her. It is a sort of reverse Madame Bovary effect; her life is ultimately boring only because she says so. (Also she looks terrifically boring, but that would seem to be a separate problem.)

The Fiancés is at least an interesting attempt, and many people seemed to find it successful. It is a story told in documentary style, with no people in it except the two leading characters and no scenes in the usual sense. In brief, a young man goes away to Sicily on a job which his fiancée has not wanted him to take. Previously the two have had a bleak, Saturday-night-dance relationship; but now, in a series of letters, they suddenly discover how to talk to each other, and the pall of lower-middle-classness lifts. They become human beings. All this impels respectfulness. There are no false-notes. The desperation of staying in a company hotel, for instance, is splendidly brought out (in instructive contrast to the wrong-way boredom of *Love in the Suburbs*). The young man, bent over the basin brushing his teeth, presents as poignant a sight as you could want to see. The monotony of his Sunday walks is fine. The tedium of his work is excellent.

It is therefore probably just a native surliness that persuades me that this is an experiment without a future, that one movie of this kind is quite enough. To begin with, the sense that one is reading a story in a woman's magazine cannot wholly be accounted for by the frankly sentimental theme; there is also a paleness of background, a calculated insipidity, which seems integral to the documentary technique. The absence of other people achieves the same woodiness as pulp fiction, where all the supporting characters are simply flat and functional. At school we used to watch films called "the Romance of Steel," and the young couple's humanization seemed to be at times a similar kind of process. It may reasonably be argued that this was the intention, that the "thingness" of such lives makes the documentary approach appropriate to them. This is probably true, and makes the film certainly worth a look if it comes around again; but how much of this low-pressure actuality, this real-life-resolutely-unheightened, one can take on the screen is another question.

Finally, there was *Hallelujah the Hills*, a sort of cinematic Tristram Shandy, a comedy without shape or progression, very funny for half-an-hour and quite painfully monotonous after that. It consists of parody-scenes from old movies, and has the crazy half-familiarity of a nightmare. The director, Johannes Mikas, exudes a passion for films that makes him an insider's delight, and *Hallelujah* was a very good choice for the Festival. But full-length features need at least the illusion of shape and direction, if not the real thing; and the abiding impression one had of this grab-bag was a kind of feverish gloom.

Two and two-half tolerable films out of six would not be a bad percentage in real life—and the short subjects I saw batted about the same. But with the flourish of horns that a Festival implies, it has to amount to a slight let-down. (Also I believe that I was spared some truly excruciating experiences, by the difficulty of obtaining tickets to them.)

The success, then, must have consisted mainly in the display of solidarity, the sight of all those buffs standing grimly shoulder to shoulder in the name of Film. If this needed doing, it was undoubtedly done.

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THE STAGE

The Director as Artist

IN THE published version of Arnold Wesker's "Chips with Everything" there is this dedication: "To John Dexter, who has helped me understand the theater of my plays and directed them all when most others said they would fail."

Wesker does indeed owe an enormous debt of gratitude to Mr. Dexter, whose staging of the play is an extraordinary example of one theater art coming to the rescue of another. What has happened is that an extremely uneven, though always passionate and energetic drama has been given a compelling shape, a form for its turbulence and a style for its wayward and somewhat inarticulate masculinity. And it has been done not as compensation—to mask deficiencies or fill in voids—but as fulfillment, the utmost in palpability and sensuous life being extracted from a recalcitrant script. The "theater" of Wesker's play has been released from its sleep by a prince of inventiveness, wit, force and unvarying taste.

The only other recent job of direction that compares with Dexter's is that of Judith Malina on "The Brig," and in fact the two plays have strong resemblances, both being, at least on the surface, ferocious assaults upon military life and both possessing central elements of movement and ritual action. But Wesker's play is a great deal more complex than Kenneth Brown's, which in its thoroughly anti-literary mode of existence is a director's opportunity; to take nothing away from Miss Malina, what Dexter had to do was fuse literature with gesture, expression with expressiveness, to meet his text halfway instead of being able to conjure up the drama from a set of notes.

The play is set in an RAF training camp, but though it spares nothing in its contempt for military-mindedness, it is conceived more as an indictment of the British class system than of the Air Force, which functions here as a microcosm of the society beyond the gates. Wesker takes a group of nine young RAF conscripts, all but one of them from the lower classes, through their eight weeks of basic training, and on its lower levels the play is a grimly funny, if familiar, revelation of the pains, terrors and boredoms of military life. But Wesker is of course after something much bigger. In time the conscripts' indoctrination becomes revealed as a particularly subtle and atrocious aspect of the system by which the British ruling class maintains itself in power, through fear, the claims and tabus of tradition, unnerving contempt and liberality in non-essentials.

The ninth recruit is a wealthy aristocrat, in apparent rebellion from his class, and the dramatic center of the play is his attempt, on the one hand, to ally himself

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Keeping up with the Vatican Council will be different this fall. Last year, with the secrecy rule in force, the emphasis was on information. Every magazine and newspaper that turned up facts was regarded as successful. This year, with the secrecy rule modified, a mass of facts will be generally available. The emphasis will be on analysis rather than on the digging up of material and the exposure of inside stories.

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with the proletarians, and his resistance, on the other, to the officers' calm insistence that he has no choice but to accept his upper-class destiny and take his place as one of themselves. In the end he is won over—not too convincingly, it must be said—through the exposure of his motive for aligning himself with the troops: on his own social level he faces extreme competition, but among the men he can be a leader and even a messiah.

Wesker, whose first three plays were a trilogy about Jewish working-class life in London, has improved considerably over those sometimes vivid but more often doctrinaire and tendentious works. But he is still seldom convincing when he is being polemical and an angry young socialist. "How I hate civilians," he has his Colonel Blimpish commanding officer say. "They don't know; what do they know? How to make money, how to chase girls and kill old women. No order, no purpose . . . I'd sacrifice a million of them for the grace of a Javelin fighter. . . ." It is hard not to believe that this is taken from a pronunciamento, just as it is hard to accept the absolute rigidity of the British class lines as Wesker draws them.

But he is almost entirely convincing when he is being personal and is imaginatively searching for a new basis of social relations or lamenting not so much the forms of society as its qualities that conspire to hold men apart, its soullessness and vacant functionalism. Then his language serves admirably, either as shrewd comment or robust declamation or anguished and lyrical indictment and dream. He can become stiff and rhetorical but he is continually being saved by his more honest passions and perceptions and of course by his director's mastery of how to give those their proper life.

The abortive friendship between the aristocratic recruit and a sensitive working-class boy, a relationship which explores one of Wesker's central and most fecund themes, unfolds in scenes that are as well-written as almost any in recent British drama. Here Wesker is concerned with the distance between the intellectual and the laborer, or, more symbolically, between mind and body or values and feeling. And the whole painful split and sense of betrayal is brilliantly kept from dwindling off into hopefulness or prescription. "You're a hypocrite—a hypocrite you are," the boy tells his well-born fellow-soldier. "You take people to the edge . . . and then you run away . . . you lousy word-user you . . . you clever, useless leftover . . . you call us mate, but you're a scared old schoolboy . . . a bleedin' slummer. . . ."

For this scene, as for the less verbal ones, Mr. Dexter has created a pattern of direction that could not have been improved upon. It keeps language in balance with movement, imposes a line of controlled and rhythmic physicality, maintains a beautifully accurate pace and offers a sensuous texture which is a long way from the gimmickry and visual extravagance of so many Broad-

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way plays these days, of Tony Richardson's "Luther," for example, where a false and irrelevant surface makes a weak play even more unpleasant.

Mr. Dexter's cast, it scarcely seems necessary to say in this era of English performing supremacy on our stages, is a splendid instrument of his will, with only one or two minor and temporary defections. Together, the director and his company have brought off a minor miracle; they have carried a playwright into his kingdom, a small realm which is still vulnerable and uncertain of itself, but full now of the capacity to live and extend its conquests. (*At the Plymouth*)

RICHARD GILMAN

THE SCREEN

Not Man But Manners

AS SOON as it was decided that producer-director Tony Richardson, writer John Osborne, and actor Albert Finney (all of whom had rebelled their way through various phases of the angry-young-men movement) would pool their talents to film Henry Fielding's most famous novel, *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling,* it was inevitable what kind of a movie it would be. Perhaps "Tom Jones" is even better than could be expected. It is a lusty, brawling, sprawling movie with a young anti-hero who romps from bed to bed, but who has enough manly charm and generosity to hold our interest throughout the overly-long, episodic film. It is also an incredibly beautiful movie with lovely color photography of the English countryside, eighteenth-century houses, and interiors that depict both the luxury and squalor of the period. Mixing beauty and cruelty and dirt and poetry and lechery, "Tom Jones" recreates the English customs and people that Fielding was writing about when his novel entertained and disturbed readers when it appeared in 1749.

Perhaps John Osborne has done as good a job as possible with such a difficult and rambling story. Although he caught the spirit of Fielding and his times, his script is often more like a synopsis of the original with the pithy characterizations, the wenching, the skulduggery, and most of the plot still there, but Fielding's essays and observations, so important to the whole, are missing.

Director Tony Richardson, however, attempts to make up for what is missing by giving us a vivid portrait of Fielding's times through the modern cinematic techniques. The prologue to "Tom Jones," in which Squire Allworthy comes home to find a new-born baby in his bed, is done in silent film version, complete with fast, jerky movement and titles on the screen. The scene at the Upton inn, with Tom Jones in bed with Mrs. Waters when Tom's beloved Sophie arrives, is done in a

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fast, slapstick style that is right out of Mack Sennett. Again and again Richardson uses tricks, a sudden wide panning of the camera, a stop-action freeze, and even shots in which characters talk directly to the audience. Richardson has mixed the twentieth century with the eighteenth; and the result is a timeless, merry romp not designed for sensitive, straight-laced audiences, but for moviegoers who can take a funny satire and ribald tale in stride.

THE criticism can be made that there is no growth or real change in the characters throughout the long movie. The fault here is probably Fielding's. The author himself said in one of his books that he was portraying "not man but manners, not an individual but a species." For all of Richardson's good direction of a first-rate cast in "Tom Jones," it is not the people but the manners and species that come through. As in so many English films, the carefully-chosen cast works as a whole; "Tom Jones" is a perfect example of this kind of team work that results in a brilliant film without your remembering individual performances. Some of the actors do stand out, however, certainly Albert Finney as Tom, whom he portrays, for all the dissipation, with a definite charm, a bright twinkle in his eye and a kindliness not usually associated with rogues; and Susannah York is attractive as Sophie Western who falls in love with this loose young fellow in some beautifully-photographed idyllic scenes that precede the raucous carryings-on in London and elsewhere; and Hugh Griffith is the absolute epitome of the lusty, lecherous squire as Sophie's father who pretends to object to Tom's behavior, but is always ready himself for a roll in the hay with any convenient wench.

Among the other women who find Tom irresistible (besides Sophie whose manners are always within the bounds of propriety) are: Molly, played with gusto by Diane Cilento as an unwashed country girl who enjoys life and men and does not limit herself to Tom; Lady Bellaston, portrayed by Joan Greenwood with a well-dressed elegance and a rambunctiously-undressed passion for the country boy who's not adverse to her seductions; and Joyce Redman as Mrs. Waters, a trollop right out of Hogarth, whose supper with Tom at the inn is the film's most lascivious scene, packing more sexuality into the process of eating than was ever portrayed in any of moviedom's bedroom episodes.

"Tom Jones" is obviously a strictly adult affair, and most likely not for all adults. But in spite of its frank, lusty qualities, it is not prurient. And for all its hilarious comedy, it has a great deal to say against hypocrisy, man's cruelty to man, and other wrongs of which sexual promiscuity is only one. In its way, this "Tom Jones" is "La Dolce Vita" again, set in another time, another clime.

In spite of its very brilliant surface glitter, or maybe because of it, it reminds the viewer never to ask "for whom the bell tolls."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

An Uncommon Emotional and Imaginative Involvement

Culture Against Man. By Jules Henry. Random House. $7.95.

by John P. Sisk

THE OPENING line of *Culture Against Man*—"This book is about contemporary American culture"—is at this late date more likely to discourage than tantalize the reader. It is therefore necessary to say at once that Professor Henry's socio-anthropological excursion over this well-beaten ground makes an absorbing and unsettling book. It is an ideal complement to Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* or Fromm's *The Sane Society;* and though it will in one place or another call to mind all previous major efforts to take the measure of our culture, it is still thoroughly original.

Culture Against Man begins with an overview of the dominant traits of post-World War II America: its technological "driveness" and dynamic obsolescence which derive so much of their power from fear; its economic dependence on imbalance and the abandonment of traditional impulse controls; its renunciation of the needs of the self "to meet on a mass basis an infinite variety of material needs"; its dependence on those cultural maximizers, the scientist and the engineer; its attitude towards fun, which enables the American to save "part of himself from the system that consumes him."

A long chapter of the opening section analyzes advertising as a philosophical system devoted to the maintenance of an irrational economy through a pecuniary distortion of values. The familiar sins are on display here: abuse of language, exploitation of fear, undercutting of parental authority in appeals to children, encouragement of shoddy thinking and degradation of sex. However, the treatment is fresh and devastating, as is that of the following chapter on the fear of Soviet aggression as a factor in our national life—a fear against which we are "partly narcoticized by consumption euphoria."

Subsequent sections are concerned with showing the repercussions of the dynamics of American society in people and in interpersonal relations. Part Two deals with the world of the teen-ager: his self-image, anxieties, aspirations and his relations with his peers, his teachers and his parents. We visit a pseudonymous small community, attend high school classes with its students, talk with them in cafeterias and locker rooms, go on dates with them, visit them in their

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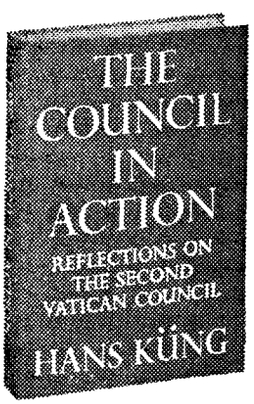

homes. For all its loneliness, spiritual impoverishment and culture-driven commitment to the values of the Id this is still a world of golden expectancy over which the high-rising standard of living waxes "like the moon in a *Midsummer Night's Dream* of impulse release and fun."

But in Part III, in which we visit three hospitals for the aged and see "the glittering modern pseudo-self" in the stage of obsolescence, the dream has become a nightmare and we experience the full horror of a civilization dedicated to process and consumption rather than to persons. "If in a primitive society," says the author, "one's personal community is a rope fastened in a mythic past and continuing into a future without end, ours is a bit of string that falls from our hands when we die."

The above quotation may suggest an emotional and imaginative involvement not usual in sociologic studies. Professor Henry has, in fact, written what he calls a passionate ethnography in which research is handled from "an interpretative, value-laden point of view." He believes that to think deeply in our culture is to grow angry and to make others angry, and that if anger is taboo not only thought but the guilt that is necessary for self-criticism will starve. Having thought deeply and being angry, he is apparently unable to report dispassionately in conventional scientific style. Indeed, it is appropriate that he speak in his own voice in a book so concerned with the impoverishment of the self in a society so much dominated by the exigencies of its gross national product.

In refusing the insulation of scientific style Professor Henry, of course, runs the risk of his anger and his values. Thus he is always in danger of overstating his case, as I believe he sometimes does in the otherwise excellent chapters on advertising and American-Soviet relations; and thus he does not always sufficiently protect himself from the objections of those who are impressed by—or have a stake in—the more benevolent aspects of impulse release.

I nevertheless prefer the committed and very literate anger of Professor Henry's own voice. It puts

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an intensity and bite into the ironies that are central to his book: seeking to free, we fetter; consuming avidly, we starve; seeking survival above all else, we court death assiduously.

Looking Back

Loaves and Fishes. By Dorothy Day. Harper and Row. $4.95.

by Jean Holzhauer

ALL BUT ONE of Dorothy Day's photographs in *Loaves and Fishes* show her with her eyes cast down. The exception is a picture taken while she was being booked for thirty days in the Greenwich Village women's detention home after refusing to take part in civilian air raid drills. When Dorothy looks down, she looks strong, meditative, patient. When she looks up, she looks—in the strict, not the slang sense of the word—fierce.

Admirers as well as opponents would recognize these moods. For Dorothy Day's place in history is secured by the vigorous conflict of a woman with her times. When she entered the Church, a generation ago, she committed herself to the traditional Christian ideals of charity, peace, truth and justice. Yet in an era of competitive prosperity, nuclear weapons, propaganda and political insecurity, it has been precisely on these points that most of her fellow Americans have failed to meet her.

The result: few twentieth-century women have been as consistently criticized. Dorothy today is still variously described as idealistic, subversive, fanatic, pig-headed. Some, like Norman Thomas, refer to her

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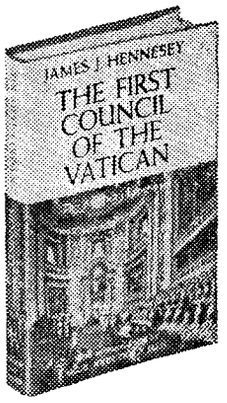

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as a saint. Only the last description embarrasses her. Like the papal "we" for John XXIII, it is an unaccustomed usage.

Much of Dorothy's opposition has been bureaucratic buckshot, more or less impersonally scattered. Time and again *The Catholic Worker* has appealed for emergency funds because one of its all-purpose houses lacked building code requirements. Her signed articles in her paper and others have provoked more concentrated protest: her pacifism is regarded by many as a fool's game, if not a traitor's; her report last year that Cuban Catholic churches were open and literacy flourishing under Castro was branded an irrelevance, if not a lie.

Dorothy's life-long experience with such odds appeared in her autobiography, *The Long Loneliness* (Harper; 1952). The book only touched on the story of *The Catholic Worker*, which is now detailed in *Loaves and Fishes*. The account is a balanced one; Dorothy is an exeperienced reporter, and nothing if not honest. Here, then, are internal as well as external struggles, as policy disagreements break out among the workers, erratic recruits upset all arrangements, farm property fails expectations, personalities clash. What will strike all readers is the repeated reinforcement of that rueful precept: "There are the saints—and then there are those who live with the saints, the martyrs."

The tone of *Loaves and Fishes*, however, is rarely rueful. As usual, Dorothy reports with considerable Christian good humor. "I feel free to write with complete frankness about Ammon [Hennacy]," she remarks, "because I know he will not object. Many people consider him egotistical and self-centered, and so he is, in a way—enough so that he will appreciate my writing about him, rather than not."

And, of Peter Maurin, her revered co-founder of *The Catholic Worker*, "I was sure that Peter was a saint and a great teacher—although, to be perfectly honest, I wondered if I really liked Peter sometimes. He was twenty years older than I, he spoke with an accent so thick it was hard to penetrate to the thought beneath,

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he had a one-track mind, he did not like music, he did not read Dickens or Dostoevski, and he did not bathe."

Such candid observation salts Dorothy's newest book as it does her conversation. Yet even without it, the story would not be grim. From its earliest, Depression days of bread lines and revolutionary ideas, through struggles with recalcitrant human nature, with "Mother State," with discouragement and inconvenience of every kind, *The Catholic Worker*—and its chief worker—have been subject to perennial hope, not unrewarded. Their friends include the powerful as well as the obscure: members of the hierarchy, philosophers, theologians, publishers, editors, writers; people, one imagines, who can recognize the face of love. And from these and unknown sources, in moments of extreme financial crisis, repeatedly has come a sufficiency, enough to continue going on.

"What is *The Catholic Worker*?" Dorothy writes, in the introduction to this book. "First of all, it is an eight-page monthly tabloid paper . . . In trying to show our love for our brothers, we talk and write a great deal about the works of mercy, as the most direct form of action. . . .

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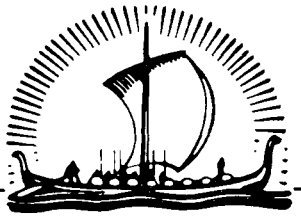

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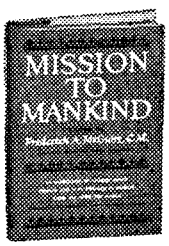

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that will kill off, once and for all, the Jewish novel *and* the campus novel. Unfortunately the devil balks at the bargain and Mr. Ludwig has had to go it on his own. I presume, that is, that *Confusions* was written without assistance. But I'm not sure that its author has not done the murderous deed all by himself.

Joseph Gillis, *né* Yosseleh Galsky, scion of a Roxbury, Mass., Jewish baker, rises to that apex of the White Anglo-Saxon Protestant world, a Harvard Ph.D. The wonder and the humor of this accomplishment never cease to double him up with laughter, though I should have thought it would be fairly old hat by this time considering the Harvardians prominent in the headlines today. The comedy of the book, nevertheless, is built chiefly around variations on the Groucho Marx gag: "Any club that would have me I wouldn't want to belong to." Gillis, however, becomes redoubtably Ivy, even though Galsky hovers in the background in Hasidic seediness. Gillis marries a *shikseh* (English: lady goy) and the happy couple are banished from the halls of ivy to teach in the academic wilderness of California. The novel deals chiefly with Gillis-Galsky's attempts to civilize the hinterlands.

As for the story line, however, there isn't much to it. The delight of the book, if you are open to its delights at all, is in Gillis' black-tongued commentary on the inanities of academia. Some of it is very funny indeed. I particularly liked Gillis' Irremedial Writing classes and his prize pupil, Devereux Peterson IV. "Sir, would you believe it," says Dev, "I'm eighteen—no, nineteen—and I can't write a stroke." "Spell cat," says Gillis, to be corny. "T-a-c-," he shot back without hesitation. Dev's father is so rich that he gives Dev money to start a fraternity of his own. The old man, in fact, is so rich that he gives rise to Gillis' great trial and triumph in bucking the System.

The book, however, is its jokes and some wonderfully vivid and funny caricatures, a whole English Department full of them, from beatnik to bully, everything from the Dean's tea to a week-end with nature and home-brewed gin, and campus wives from Radcliffe to Nympho-

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mania. It's a very witty book and I'm a little hard put to explain why I hated it.

"I wrote this book," says Mr. Ludwig, "to shout 'Awake!' and I chose a hero who wouldn't stint at ways of rousing his Sleeping Beauty." Well, this is one Sleeping Beauty that drew the line. As a Prince Mr. Ludwig leaves something to be desired whatever his methods are. His alter ego, Gillis, makes great resounding wails about his confusions, but the truth of the matter is he isn't confused about anything. He's an opinionated, pompous, hectoring bore (English: Schmuck). I don't like being badgered, even in a good cause. *My* goals in life are simple, says Gillis: "Desire nothing in this world but time to do your work, love, kisses, serious talk, laughter, great works of art, and a white Jaguar so you can get to these things more quickly." Sounds good, only I don't want to be told what my goals in life are, even by a frenzied young man who is more than half joking. I prefer my own real confusions.

I don't know, maybe I'm taking Ludwig's humor a little too seriously. It seems to me though that authors are increasingly using their books to hit their readers over the head with. It's one way of rousing Beauty perhaps. As for me, I wouldn't mind listening to the Prince's views on life but I really don't want to be belted with them. Whatever happened to Faith Baldwin?

Anyway, Mr. Ludwig is young and he says he has a great literary future ahead of him, which is a form of arrogance I like even though I am dubious of the fact. My own arrogance consists of continual astonishment that I am not unique in detecting the obvious. I'll be interested to see if anyone agrees with me on Mr. Ludwig.

The Comic Mode

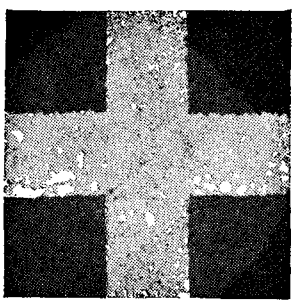
The Tragic Comedians. By James Hall. Indiana University Press. $5.95.

by George Greene

I PREFER Mr. Hall as explicator rather than theorist. One has mixed reactions to his brief, suggestive, bravely argued volume. There can be nothing but praise for such enterprise in exploring an area where comparatively little has been said on either side of the Atlantic. Mr. Hall believes that his seven authors—Forster, Huxley, Waugh, Henry Green, Joyce Cary, L. P. Hartley and Anthony Powell—form the most significant tradition in modern British fiction. Readers will be especially grateful for the chapters on Hartley and Powell, neither of whom has been singled out thus far for book-length study.

Put briefly, we are assured that the comic mode has dominated the British novel in our era. Mr. Hall shows no misgiving about the limited membership of his club, preferring his favored cadre to those who have turned in grimmer reports. "The importance of their contemporary comedy," he states, "is its ability to absorb with some cheer the shocks that elsewhere have produced a sophisticated hell-fire-and-salvation brand of existentialism." (*Exeunt* in various directions Elizabeth Bowen, William Golding, Graham Greene and C. P. Snow.)

Mr. Hall detects one similarity be-



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tween Margaret Schlegel and Mr. Wilcox in *Howards End*, both occasionally "managers of life and the emotions rather than followers of them." He deftly locates a link between *Antic Hay* and *The Sun Also Rises*, two cases where vulnerable ideals are put to the test of experience. He catches the note of the early Waugh, "the sad history of all rebellions in manners, the slide from bold experiment to fashionable cliché."

A measure of uneasiness intrudes, though, when we reflect that his Huxley chapter deals almost exclusively with *Antic Hay*, published in 1922. The pages on Waugh take virtually no account of the *Brideshead*-and-after stage. Mr. Hall says of *Vile Bodies:* "The participants cure their hangovers by reading what fun they really had." The infantile evasions implied by such behavior reflect the strictures of one kind of satire rather than traditional comedy. When Colonel Blount gives Adam Symes a check for one thousand pounds signed "Charlie Chaplin," one grasps the insane egoism of their world, where most citizens sustain themselves, as Mr. Hall well says, by "a hope of keeping ahead of the actual and emotional bill collectors."

The critic's stress on skills required for adapting to social and moral flux encourages conclusions which will strike many as extreme—or at least premature. Thus he considers Henry Green "the best British novelist since Joyce." Much as some of us admire this miniaturist, who demonstrates the fallacy of rigidly organizing life in the pursuit of pleasure or for some abstract good, we never quite lose our sense of having misread some crucial sentence on the previous page.

Mr. Rock, the retired scientist who feeds pigs in *Concluding*, doubtless verifies the need of behaving sensibly, without vain hopes, "living in the present." Mr. Rock maintains his precarious liberty, but his age, which makes the future a modest prospect, implies rather more yet another crippled protagonist than a comic personage.

Believing that obsolescence of values is one of the few constants in our society, Mr. Hall rates Green's mixed world higher than what he

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calls Joyce Cary's "unique comfortableness." Granted the motto for Cary's books might well be that "directed restlessness is the hope of the age," *The Horse's Mouth* evokes emotions which go quite beyond Mr. Hall's placement. Whatever may be the final assessment of Cary, with his hectic proliferation of incident, his racy style, his work embodies one trait which defies the rule of strict categories. With his sheer appetite for life and his desire to avoid editing reality, Cary occupies a place among those writers who employ scenes of comedy—without allowing themselves to be neatly catalogued as "comic writers." Not for nothing is Gulley so fond of Blake. Gulley too seeks to transcend self, "without the help of anyone on earth." Mr. Hall concedes that his seven authors "make considerable use of what everyone can agree is comedy, but . . . so mix this with severer conflicts that the mixture becomes more important than either ingredient." It is in his submission to "severer conflicts" that Joyce Cary outstrips so many of his contemporaries on both sides of the ocean.

It is wrong to state that in *The Horse's Mouth*, "Incident is everything." Repeatedly one senses the puzzlement, indeed anxiety, never totally eradicated from Gulley's mind. "I'm an optimist," he reminds us. "I get a lot of fun out of fun, as well as the miseries." His war against "the miseries," possible only with the weapons of laughter, makes his story one of the major fictions of our century. "We can sympathize with each other," Joyce Cary wrote in one preface, "be fond of each other, but we can never completely understand each other."

Mr. Hall is markedly successful in verifying the alternating current of frenzy and retreat among certain modern heroes. Colum in Hartley's *My Fellow Devils*, "the anxious confidence man," changes from movie actor to gangster to gentleman blackmailer. Such recklessness itself exposes a compulsion to test himself, to react against the society represented by Margaret and the police. The critic describes Powell's Nick Jenkins as one who qualifies as a hero chiefly through his "will to flexibility." Yet what permeates *The Music of Time* more than anything else is that nostalgia which marks Powell's visits to the twenties and thirties, an odyssey after which, hopefully, knowledge of the "dance of time" may make our present more livable. On the whole it is this sadder, solitary odyssey one feels minimized in Mr. Hall's account of artists in a world which is disintegrating.

How some have advanced *beyond* the dodging of disaster does not fit within the frame of his valuable, albeit partial, portrait.

REVIEWERS

John P. Sisk, who contributes frequent reviews to these pages, is a member of the faculty at Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington.

Jean Holzhauer, who writes regularly on literary and cultural questions for this magazine, is a member of the English faculty at the University of Milwaukee-Wisconsin.

William James Smith is a frequent contributor of fiction and critical articles to these pages.

George Greene is a free-lance writer whose work has appeared in *Atlantic Monthly, Thought, The Critic* and other journals.

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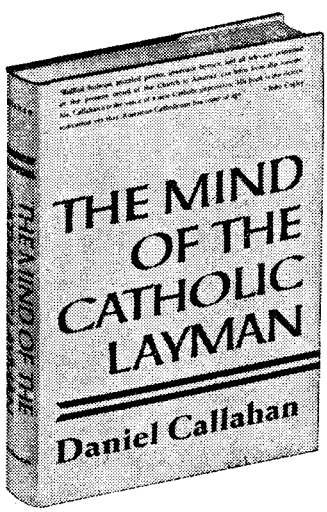

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